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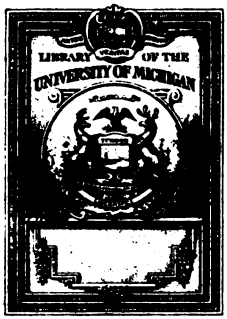

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NATURE'S MUSINGS

By

J. WHITFIELD GREEN

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PREFACE

What is nature but the unfolding of God's love? What are flowers but His smiles? What are winds but His whispers? What is the dew but the tears of heaven? She has a thousand ways to charm us, do we but see them and understand; and yet, with all the learning we may in any way possess we are but infants in the cradle of her great heart, be it calm or storm, sunshine or shadow, night or day, or any one of her many changes; it is but the vibration of a great harp tuned to to the melodies of heaven, and in her mountains, fields and skies a healing balm for the worn and weary.

She always has the same sweet smile
For those who love her true.

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"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms
She speaks a various language."

W. C. Bryant.

TO BE IN THE FIELDS

To be in the fields, and to have my home
Where the insects hum and the wild birds roam;
Where the bee on the big red clover tops—
For such is a world of sweets to him—
Here heaven sheds her dewy tears
And fairest flowers—the world's bright gems—
The fresh young air, laden down
With distilled nectar from the bower.
And O, these hours from summer's heart—
To be in the fields and have my home
Where the insects hum and the wild birds roam.

ON THE DEAR OLD HILLS OF ELBA

On the dear old hills of Elba,
Where I lived in youth's bright hours;
On those dear old hills we wandered—
Gathered summer's choicest flowers;
Free the birds were flying o'er me,
Free, my heart knew not a pain—
On the dear old hills of Elba—
May I wander there again.

Oft I've wandered my loved home land
In the shady, cool retreat
Where the brook sang to the meadow
And the spring gushed at my feet;
Wandered there with those that loved me—
Sister, brother, playmates kind;
On the dear old hills of Elba
All of life's pure joys I find.

On thy sparkling waters, Nippsing,
Pleasant lake, so clear and sweet,
In our boat we've furrowed o'er thee,
Happy hearts of youth to greet;
And the whispering winds that murmur
Made thy crystal bosom swell—
On the dear old hills of Elba,
By thy shores, O may I dwell.

On the dear old hills of Elba,
In my closing years of life,
May I dwell in quiet comfort
From the world's cold care and strife;
May I roam the same old play-ground
Where my youth passed quickly by:
On the dear old hills of Elba;
May I rest there when I die.

O THAT'S THE LIFE FOR YOU, MY LAD

O that's the life for you, my lad,
O that's the life for me;
Where wild woods laugh the hours away
And hurrying winds blow free;
Where birds skim on the meadows gay,
Chanting their songs of glee;
O that's the life for you, my lad,
O that's the life for me.

O that's the life, my happy lad,
Where fields so broad and green,
Filled with the red topped clover sweet
And daisies in between;
Tall honeysuckles in the hedge,
Feeding the busy bee—
O that's the life for you, my lad,
O that's the life for me.

O that's the life, my brawny lad,
Free as the winds that blow;
Chasing the herd o'er hill and vale
And whistling as you go.
Health, wealth and beauty, side by side,
Give of their treasures free—
O that's the life, my brawny lad,
O that's the life for me.

Then shout hurrah for the country boy,
Come, let us ever stay
Where pleasant fields and shady woods
With birds are always gay;
All nature sweet, with smiles to greet,
So happy and so free—
O that's the life for you, my lad,
O that's the life for me.

MUSINGS

Dear brown October can we but love
Thy deep blue skies with sun's rays
Toned to a gentle heat.
And somber forests turned from green
To flaming gold.

How strange the groves they look
In such bright forms;
They fling their banners out
To every breeze to learn
Their waiting fate.

The fields, how sweet they sleep
After the burden of the summer's o'er,
The drowsy bee hums o'er them
But now no sweets he wings
With him away.

And ye peaceful hills
Robed in your garment of blue haze,
Bid the farewell flowers no more
Deck your fair brow.

The birds had flown, but still
The quail pipes dreamy,
And the whippoor-will makes gay
The evening hour.

The sauntering herds
At the dim twilight lay them down
To slumber o'er the memory
Of the past.

Old October, draw your curtain low,
For thou art mediator,
Bidding farewell to life and welcoming
The death of winter's blasts.

FALL

O these sad days of fall,
When skies are dreary and the winds beat low,
The leaves are falling, let them go
Back to their mother earth, t'was she who gave
The cool sweet shade to rest the plodding slave:
But I'm in sorrow when the old oaks tall,
Shed all their beauty in these days of fall.

To walk the stubbled fields
And hear the quail in his feared dreamings of the
winter's hour,
The drumming pheasant thunder in the vale,
Where cheerless sunbeams pierce the leafless bower,
Low on the forest's mossy bed there lie
Those pretty flowers that smiled at summer skies;
For they have gone to sleep and with them we must
weep.

•

It was not long ere all the pleasant fields
Flung out their banners bright with waving gold;
But soon the reapers came with sickle keen

And gathered all their treasure in the fold.
Where nodded the fresh clover in the breeze,
Now thrums the beetle in his drowsy flight,
And where the garden bloomed 'neath every sun,
Now sings the cricket shrill through all the night.

The tassled corn, swayed gently by the breeze,
Whispers its rustic tones to all the field;
Within the garment husk concealed secure
The golden grain, the freighted stalk must yield;
And how the reapers on some autumn morn
Would come while yet the dew was on the plain,
Would sing their cheery song through all the day,
And then at starry eve return again.

The distant hills, half hid their saddened face,
With misty haze, its curtains hanging low,
Ah soon, too soon, where all the herds did graze,
And where the clover bloomed in all its glow,
Soon must the harsh wind sweep with tyrant hand
And bear the beauty of the hills away:
Soon will the blast in madness walk the strand,
And sink all these I love in cold decay.

I LONG FOR THE FIELDS

I long for the country,
I long for the fields,
I long for the home of the lark and jay;
The city streets no pleasure yield,
With racket and rumble
Both night and day.

But O for the home
Of the birds and bee;
I long for the freedom they enjoy,
Away from the cities
Whose towers and roofs
Shut out the blue of the beautiful sky.

Where the trees throw their branches
Of lovely green,
To catch every breeze from mountain high;
Nothing like this in city's mart,
With stifled air from chimneys nigh.

I long for the country,
I long for the home
Where the meek herd lows
On the velvet green;
The pleasure the cities have to give
Are nothing to me after these I've seen.

THE OLD PASTURE BARS

Leaning on the old pasture bars,
Softly the day is sinking to sleep,
Calling for Brindle and Bess to come
Through the deep clover as one bright star
Comes out to peep at the old pasture bars.

Little brown feet on high tiptoe,
And little brown hands on the old pasture bars
Waiting impatient for Brindle and Bess,
Just as the whippoor-will whispers his song
In frightened notes by the old pasture bars.

Big brown eyes so eagerly watch
O'er fading fields, from the dear old bars,
And little cheeks just brushed with tan—
For mama said he was her big man—
And he calls, "toe boss" from the old pasture
bars.

On comes the darkness, and Brindle and Bess,
Through the deep clover up to the bars;

And little hands don't know what to do,
So tears they streak the cheeks of tan.

And mother, though it has cost her pain,
Lets low the bars for Brindle and Bess;
Two little brown feet that wandered away
Went plodding home,
Guided by mother's hand.

DEAR OLD SPRING

Dear old Spring I've seen thee coming
In my memory long ago;
I have heard the bees a-humming
Through the clover all aglow,
As the meadows smiled in beauty,
Bid old Winter swiftly go.

Dear old Spring, I heard thee weeping
While the Winter conquered all,
Then I knew the flowers were sleeping
'Neath its cold and windy brawl,
Where the birds from south-lands fair
Filled with melody the air.

Dear old Spring, thy gentle wooing
Has at last conquered the whole,
And thy wooded hills and valleys
Show the love within thy soul;
For thou art the blest fore-runner
Of the joyous fruitful summer.

WHEN THE LAST HOUR

When the last hour of this dear day is dead,
Sad winds are lullabying off the sea,
Departing sunset waves her golden wand,
Bathing in orange light field, flower and tree;
The tinkling bells of some slow plodding herd
Following the shepherd lad home to the fold;
The whippoor-will's faint whispered note is heard,
Telling his evening story as of old.

FLOWERS

Believest thou
These little flowers sweet
Are but God's smiles,
Sad hearts to greet?

What could God give,
In this great world of ours,
That show His love so much
As pretty flowers?

Those delicate sweet things
Kissed by the dew
Give out perfumes that reach
As far as heaven.

To love a flower
Is to have a heart
That must be moved by all the woes
Of men.

In wood and field nestle
These precious gems.

WHISPERING WINDS

'Twas when the whispering winds
Of perfect June,
With all sweet nature was in gentle tune,
Where flowers bloomed beautiful and gay
And to the sky the swallows skimmed away,
When skies were softest blue
And sorrow bad adieu.

When whispering winds
So many secrets tell
Of things we love so well,
Of grassy banks where one so longs to rest,
Cool leafy dells where happy songsters nest,
And rustling cornfields speak of early fall;
When piping quails
And merry crickets call.

SEPTEMBER

O fair are thy days, September,
The dearest of all the year;
Thou art far enough from November,
Its shadows we need not fear;
Soon after the heat of August
Thou comest our hearts to cheer,
With ripened fruits from the buds of spring,
With golden sheaves from fields of green.

WHO HAS A HEART

And he who has a heart and soul
    To yearn for things of beauty,
Can find in groves and meadows
    Food for thought
To fill his life with duty.

SPRING

Beautiful Spring with garlands of flowers,
Beautiful Spring, with sweet pleasant hours,
Beautiful Spring, with refreshing warm showers,
Beautiful, beautiful Spring.

Blue birds are singing, they came back to-day—
Dreary and long were the days while away—
O how we welcome thee, bird, always stay,
Singing so joyous a lay.

Little green buds that have held in so long—
Know they are bursting—my! what a throng
Of pretty leaflets so staunch and, so strong,
Shady and pleasant and gay.

Flowers, the whole meadow seems one bright bed;
Purple and yellow and golden and red;
All o'er the land their sweet incense is spread,
While the soft winds with them play.

I HEARD HIM SING

For summer days are dreamy days,
They sweetly sleep their pleasant life away
Green grasses, lowing herds and running brooks,
These greet the eye and charm us day by day.

These things, and many more I can't express,
Give their sweet balm of love to fill the heart;
Scenes so endearing, midway o'er the hill,
Where morn's first hours are charmed by yon
gay lark.

I heard that warbler when the day was young,
When skies were deepest blue and dew was
bright;
O the fresh flowers sparkling in the light
Of Orient beams when first they shed their light.

'Twas at this hour he soared from earth's low
mound,
And sang as heavenward he winged away.
I stood entranced, for then it seemed to me
The harps of heaven sang in melody.

THE FIRST ROBIN

I early heard the first robin of spring,
  Just as the sun peeped o'er the hill;
  I sat and mused as in a dream;
The note of bird so early in the spring,
  With joy my soul did fill.

The snow still lay in clustered mounds around,
  Hard clinging to the frozen earth;
But still the robin sang his merry song,
  And seemed as full of mirth

As if the balmy days of June were here
  To warm and gladden all his kind,
But then—he knew in future hours, he sure
  Those balmy days would find.

A QUESTION

Heard you the whisper of the breeze
From deepest woodlands where they slept the night?
Saw you the blue
Of the morning sky,
Soon as the stars sank in the orange light?
Came to thy sense
That sweetest of perfume
Of dew-kissed flowers robed in sinless white?
And heard you then
The joyous whippoor-will
Speak his last note on wing of early flight?

THE GALES THAT BLOW

O who loves summer better than I?
Who loves the gales that blow?
Sporting off the heaving sea,
Sailing o'er woodlands, mountain and dell,
Rocking the leaves on the maple tree,
Then hurrying off to gardens green,
Where all is beautiful to be seen;
Whispering softly to lilac and rose,
And bearing away their choicest sweets,
Then away other pleasures to seek.

On the bosom of the lake,
Moving its waves to silvery chimes;
Laughing with them in child-like glee,
Chasing each one off to shore;
Bathing the pearly shells o'er and o'er
While happy birds in the maple tree
Sing to waves—or they sing to me.

SLEEP OF THE FLOWERS

Last night the flowers fell asleep,
The falling dew was on their breast;
The lily robed in spotless white
Was chosen watcher o'er the rest.
She to stand watching all alone,
Bathed in the moon's soft mellow light;
If but a whisper or a sigh
From balmy winds shy stealing by,
It must awake—but not a sound
Broke silence on that flowery ground.

Think you a thought of paradise,
A place of never ending bliss?
If one beneath the deep blue sky
Would answer to a thought like this,
It must be where the flowers bloom
To breathe their sacred lives away;
It must be where aromas sweet
Play with the gales and then away.

And of the little birds that drift
From distant sunny lands of spring,
Bearing from the cocoa groves
The spicy fragrance on their wings;
That after long and weary flight
Inviting rest bids them come down,
They trim their plumage and prepare
For summer where the flowers are found.

SUMMER

Summer, thou sweet friend,
    Tender and true;
Lavish with beauty thy friends not a few,
Bestow a kind hand,
Give all things grand.

There is a cool shady stream
    By the tree,
Its meanings are tender to me—
They may not be to thee—
For in them sweet childhood I see.

On its green mossy banks
    I have strolled,
With my childish thoughts to unfold
And plans for the future to mold,
And had them unfolded to me.

I heard the loud song of the jay
And drank the sweet breath of the hay;
Watched the young lambs at play
In gentle May.

May with its birds and flowers,
With cool inviting bowers,
Gentle quiet hours,
All for me.

May glided silent too soon
Into the long days of June,
To give to its nature more room,
And scattered its blossoms away.

Blossoms on the apple tree
Foretell the fruitage we may see,
For nothing is ever thrown away;
Good things always come back some day.

HARK TO THE WINDS

Hark to the winds
As they whisper from the sea,
Creeping through meadows silently,
Kissing sleepy flowers wet with dew:
Hark to the winds,
Whisper they to you?

Hark to the winds
From hill and shady dell,
Bearing a voice of melody
From pleasant woodlands,
Where the flowers of spring
First to the heart
Their gentle presents bring.

Hark to the winds,
As from their mountain home,
When silent night doth come,
O how they sigh and moan;
Whate'er the heart is pondering o'er and o'er,
The sad winds speak of that
And sigh no more.

Sigh on ye winds,
And whisper from the sea—
Ah, many are the thoughts
You bring home to me
Of the latest wreck amid the breaking roar,
The ghastly forms you tossed
Upon the shore.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

When we were boys together
In the long, long ago,
I gave you all my secrets,
And you told me all you knew;
All our troubles talked together—
Days ever filled with joy and woe—
When we were boys together,
In the long, long ago.

When we were boys together,
And used to go to school,
I thought you knew the most things,
And you thought me no fool;
We didn't let the other fellers
Into our secrets though,
When we were boys together
In the long, long ago.

When we were boys together,
And Christmas used to come
With its toys and candies and

The little tin "shoot gun,"
We used to go out hunting—
O how we liked to grow,
When we were boys together
In the long, long ago.

Since we were boys together,
I almost quite forgot
Where we went in swimming,
Down in the clover lot;
The little brook ran swiftly on
As have our lives you know:
Since we were boys together
In the long, long ago.

AWAY IN THE COUNTRY

Away off in the country
Where the velvet grasses grow,
And the gentle breezes whisper
As they hurry to and fro;
The flowers look as fresh with
Dewy baths that evening sent,
And the birds they warble sweeter
From their night of slumber spent.

Away off in the country
The hillsides slope away
To meet the sparkling river,
Laughing, chanting all the day,
Along the sleepy valley,
Through the fields of wheat and corn—
Away off in the country
Where the pure fresh breeze is born.

Away off in the country
Where the people live content

With the gifts from nature's bounty,
Things that nature's God has sent;
There is only just one fashion
Wherewith man is satisfied,
With no hatred strife or envy:
That's what nature has supplied.

Away off in the country—
Apple blossoms, cherries red,
Peach trees loaded, maples shady,
Birds a-singing overhead;
Grasses green and soft as velvet,
Butter cups and roses too—
Away off in the country,
Where there's rest for me and you.

OLD SONGS

I am saddest when I sing the old songs,
  For tears to my heart they bring;
I am saddest when I sing the old songs
  That round my memory cling;
The old songs are dearest and sweetest,
  They bring back the days of yore;
While we're sitting here alone
  Let us sing of home
And the dear old songs once more.

Dear old songs of childhood,
  Of boyhood's playful hours;
Bringing thoughts of mother,
  That true best friend of ours;
Telling of her kindness,
  Words of love and cheer—
I love to sing the old songs,
  Though it fills my heart with tears.

I am saddest when I sing the old songs,
  Of sorrows that have come and gone,
Of friends and loved young playmates
  Who have joined a brighter throng.
O the deeds of the past are ever
  Flooding the beating heart,
As we're singing together the old songs
  We love so when far apart.

BABY LAND

O where—can you tell me—is Baby Land?
It must be a beautiful place,
For this elf from Baby Land
Has such a sweet white face.
Softly the smiles play o'er it
Like dancing sunbeams free--
O where—can you tell me— is Baby Land?
I'd love it revealed to me.

O where—can you tell me--is Baby Land?
With eyes like twinkling stars,
Just brimming full of mirthful glee,
They brought from that land so far
The innocent laugh of love at play;
I am sure the angels will tell
This sweet little tot from Baby Land
That babies there are well.

O where would you think is Baby Land?
These little soft pink feet
Must have walked midst flowery paths
And lived on their dewy sweets;
Companious of white-winged fairies
Must have held the chubby hand,
For nothing but beautiful things like these
Could come from Baby Land.

AUTUMN TIME IS MY TIME

Autumn time is my time,
That's the time I love,
When the skies are looking down
So dreamy from above.
All the trees are painted o'er
In spots of green and gold;
Everything so full of love,
It can hardly hold.
Autumn time is my time,
That's the time I love,
When the sky is looking down,
So dreamy from above.

Autumn time is my time,
Then the mellow air,
Loaded down with sweet perfumes,
Comes from everywhere;
Every flower on the hill
Gave all the sweet it had;

Every field is laughing so,
It makes a soul feel glad.
Autumn time is my time,
That's the time I love,
When the sky is looking down,
So dreamy from above.

Autumn time is my time—
When I was a boy,
Climbing in the apple tree—
Bless me, what a joy—
Picking mellow "fellers"
While they're blushing red;
As I filled my pockets,
Some dropped on my head.
Mother calling from the house—
Wondered where I was—
And the sky was looking down,
So dreamy from above.

WHEN THE HEART BEATS SAD

When the heart beats sad
Amid the storm and strife,
We struggle on through life;
All faint and weak we tread
Where fate's cold hand has led,
And murmer when the hot tears come,
Wishing the end had come—
O we are so weary
When the heart beats sad.

When the heart beats sad,
And friends have gone,
The world so cold,
Seeks naught but gold,
No place of welcome, none to love;
Does that great heart above
No longer yearn for pilgrims here?
There's naught to cheer thee
When the heart beats sad.

When the heart beats sad,
O I could lay me low,
Here in dear nature's lap,
If that were all
And nothing yet beyond;
How quick to put life's burden down
And sink to sleep,
And cease to weep,
When the heart beats sad.

SAD FALL DAYS

The gentle winds they whisper
In these sad fall days,
When flowers are dropping, dieing
Along the rustic way:
When birds that sang in springtime
Have flown away, away,
Around the hills we linger
In misty hazy sway.

The forests all are sleeping:
Some one has stole away
The verdure green that clothed them,
In May's sweet youthful day;
The quail pipes in the meadow,
And the lone whippoor-will
Calls in his twilight dreamings,
And mist hangs o'er the hill.

OCTOBER

When the sweet October days
  Come softly gently creeping on.
And the winds are whispering silent
  Of dear summer that has gone:
Bluebirds, meadow lark and robin
  Sang so cheery in the dell:
Now they scarce a sound can utter.
  Not a note of love to tell:
For they seek not mate or friendship.
  As the nesting time is past:
While we sit beneath the gloaming
  Pondering sadly o'er the past.
O alas, October's beauty
  Crowds so hard cold winter's brawl
We must weep to see them passing.
  These sweet pleasant days of fall.

BRING SWEET FLOWERS

Here in the graves where our heroes are sleeping,
Bring the sweet flowers and cover them o'er;
While the hushed winds through the willows are weeping,
Of the departed we'll see never more.

Have we been thoughtless, or have we forgotten
The blessings we've gained by the crosses they bore;
And how the old flag ever speaks of their valor—
Repeats the sad story, the echoes of war.

We still hear the tramp of their weary feet marching
To meet the armed foe in their fortified camp;
We still hear the bugle call echoing, dying,
And see them still plodding through night's chill and damp.

We're saddened to hear the old story repeated;
How they fell by the score when the struggle began;
How the clash of the steel and the cannon's loud thunder
Stifled their groans as the vict'ry was won.

O pity the hearts all these years have been aching
For the loss of a father, a husband or son;
But death has a comfort to give in its taking,
For sweet sleep the brave when their duty is done.

Then bring the sweet flowers of May's precious blooming,
And lay them in sympathy tender and true;
As kind nature blends in her homage to duty,
Beneath the sweet flowers the heroes in blue.

Yes, bring the sweet flowers and cover them over,
While the hushed winds through the willows do weep;
Bring garlands of flowers and lay them all over
The sacred green graves where our heroes now sleep.

VOICES

Voices that call in the past to me;
Sweet voices calling, calling;
Echoing gently o'er life's sad sea,
Bringing memories ever to me--
Calling.

Voices of love in tender strain:
Dear voices calling, calling;
Filling the heart with regretful pain,
Telling of words of harsh disdain—
Calling.

Voices of home, they speak to me:
Kind voices calling, calling.
Blessings of boyhood's happy hours,
As sunbeams sport in shady bowers—
Calling.

Voices of manhood's sturdy prime—
Deep voices, calling, calling;
Building high hopes of future days,
Laying life's plans in bright array—
Calling.

Voices of mother, so kind, so dear—
Beautiful voices calling;
Deep as the ever sounding sea,
That brought such good through life to me—
Calling.

There speaks to my heart to-day,
A sad voice calling, calling,
Telling of age with snowy hair;
How old time on this body wears—
Calling.

YE PLEASANT HILLS

Ye pleasant hills, ye valleys and ye groves,
O how I love you—never more than now;
I well remember when I watched the droves
And kept them feeding on your somber brow.

Ye vales of pensive sweetness, what your charms
That youth will cling to you and fain would stay,
And age with snowy locks and ripened charms,
Would bid life's hated messenger away?

Would bid away that youth might come again
To smooth again the wrinkles off the brow;
Stalk they afield to drive the cutting blade,
And follow up once more the furrowed plow.

Would linger still upon thy sunlit brow:
To live again in joy what youth had spent;
Forget their age and sport among the fields,
Not dreaming of the care old time has sent.

Ye show no age, ye hills and vales I love;
Youth sits with smiling face to crown your brow.
Thou stately oak hast sheltered many herds,
Stood three-score years as thou art standing now.

The fleecy flocks came bleating to the fold,
Soon to be shorn of their wealthy care:
The lowing herds their tinkling bells had tolled
And cropped the dewy grass in fields afar.

Sank you fair sun unto its evening rest,
While whippoorwills made glad the evening hour,
And the blithe lark that all the day had blessed,
Was nesting in some quiet hidden bower.

Those days were when the pheasant and the quail
Whistled the storm from every fence and bough,
And O the noisy drummings in the vale—
These were the sounds; no more we hear them now.

Those were the days when life was all a dream;
Then sweet enchantment lent her fairy hand
To lead us on with time, but not to wean
Our fond affections from this our loved land.

All these dear mem'ries of the silent past,
Flooding the heart with sorrow, joy and pain;
Gladly I'd give all things that I possess,
Could I but be among those scenes again.

And O ye hills, ye valleys and ye groves,
O how I love you—never more than now;
I well remember when I watched the droves
And kept them feeding on your somber brow.

LULLABY

Lullaby sweet one and sleep,
Evening shadows fall
In the orange-tinted west;
Nightingales will call.
Silently the willows weep:
Lullaby, sweet one and sleep.

MORNING

And O how fair the morn!
When first it bids sweet welcome to the day:
The dew-bathed flowers look up so lovingly,
And every hour brings forth such rare perfume;
The birds that slumbered all the night
On some high bough, have wakened to a melody
That charms the listening ear.
Slow sauntering down the sun-lit lane
The meek herd crop their way
To pleasant fields where rippling brooks sing gay.

WHERE SLEEP THE LILIES

Where sleep the lilies?
On the lake's cool breast,
Opening their gentle folds as evening comes,
While silvery moonbeams bathe their upturned face
And silvery ripples play with joy among them.
Here their short lives are passed,
But to be born again
And still repeat the same
Sweet story o'er and o'er.

SUMMER SONGS

And who may sing summer's sweetest songs?
Can they who do not love the birds and flowers
And grasses green with diamond drops
Of dew in crystal nightly showers;
The young lambs playing on the hill,
The wealthy herds in pleasant vales
And breath of flowers with the gales?

Can he sing summer's sweetest songs
Who never looks up at the beauty of the soft blue sky,
Sees not a thing to give him thought
In the laughing lake that lies close by,
And birds that sing on the branches high?

AWAKE, AWAKE

Awake, awake, for winds do play
O'er the bright waters of the bay,
And white sails floating near and far,
As big ships cross the misty bar,
And o'er the wave like greyhounds leap;
Keep straight their pathway through the deep.

Awake, awake. and hear the sound
Of booming cannon 'cross the main;
She left us many days ago,
And at this hour returns again.
How proud, how proud her colors fly—
The union jack from mast-head high—
And from the bow old glory floats—
The center of our pride and hopes.

FADING LEAVES

Fading the leaves this autumn hour,
With summer's beauty dead and gone;
Fading the leaves in this dear bower,
Where once was heard the bird's sweet song.

Fading the leaves when sun rays low
Are coursing their way through misty skies;
Fading the leaves when hill and plain
Are giving in sorrow the life that dies.

Fading the leaves when the heart so sad
Must ponder in thought on things of yore;
Fading the leaves while those we love
Must pass away and be seen no more.

Fading the leaves and giving off
All that endeared them, O heart of mine;
Fading the leaves in the great beyond,
And we are left behind with time.

BREATHE NOW THE WINDS

Breathe now the soft sweet breeze from off the main,
Inhale the winds and breathe it thrice again;
Is not this beauty when we look around
On the broad bosom of the heaving sound
And watch the sprays that dance along the shore;
The many voices mid the breaking roar?

The sea bird sings his wild and cheerful song,
As o'er the foaming surf he skims along;
The distant water leaps to meet the sky,
As thundering liners through the billows fly,
Bearing their wealth of freight far o'er the main—
Inhale the winds and breathe them thrice again.

WHILE I SLEEP

Be thou silent while I sleep,
In my dreamings, O so sweet;
As a child in mother's arms
I slumber on.
While the spirits o'er me keep
Fondest vigil while I sleep;
I will wake the morrow morn
Refreshed and strong.

As the sun sinks low to rest,
Pillowed on the evening's breast,
And the little stars come twinkling
One by one;
Silvery moonbeams dance and play
Through the window where I lay;
Hours but moments seem to me,
Ever speeding on.

While I'm lost in gentle sleep,
Angels o'er the world will keep
Loving watch o'er all the hosts
Of poor weak men;
Even note the sparrow's fall,
Hear the helpless infant's call,
Till the dewy morn shall break
With life to all.

WHEN THE HARVEST DAYS ARE O'ER

When the harvest days are over
And tassels on the corn;
When the quail pipes in the meadow,
Then we hear the hunter's horn;
When autumn first is spreading
Her bright banners to the sky;
When the harvest days are over
And the robins southward fly.

When the robins homeward fly,
Having nested in the trees,
We hear no more the murmur
Of the honey-laden bees.
Winds come creeping on in whispers
From the valleys, off the hill,
When the harvest days are over
And we hear the whippoor-will.

When we hear the whippoor-will
Calling sweetly, soft and low;
Calling when the twilight deepens,
As the sun to rest sinks low:
And the flowers hear the sighing
Of the zephers passing by—
When the harvest days are over.
And we hear the cricket cry.

When we hear the cricket chirping
On the hearthstone cold and gray,
And we're dreaming o'er the pleasures
Of the summers passed away;
Ah, we're thinking, sadly thinking
On the golden hours passed,
When the harvest days are over,
And we're gathered home at last.

BEAUTY OF THE WOODS

Kind nature, take my hand
And lead me in thy pleasant paths
Beneath the shadows of the gray
Old forest, crowned with its
Beautiful foliage, and reaching its
Proud branches till they intermingle
In one woven mass, uniting, as it were,
In mighty strength, defy the torrent
And the fiercer blasts.

Ye grand old oaks, that lift
Your brow so high, it took the ages
For to send your roots deep in the
Heart of earth; but what a grasp!
Clinging round that huge pillar of
Rocks, the winds may howl in fury
And hurl their thunder-bolts of strength
Against you, but ye laugh at them,
And still do stand to bless in sultry days.

O ye grand old woods, when
The heated world without is toiling

On beneath the sun's fierce rays, and
Drops of sweat are falling from the
Brow, makes man to sigh beneath
His load; within your depth what
Cool sweet shade, inviting all, for your
Bounteous store is given free, as ye are given.

The seasons come and go, and all this
Display of loveliness is not even seen,
Much less enioyed, by one small
Fraction of this world's great hoards.
How many fevered brows would these
Deep shadows cool, and those suffering
In heated tenements, of many ills,
Could here breathe afresh God's own
Pure air, which would affect the whole
Being, glowing with a new creation.

And the poor peasant, toiling day by day
In dusty fields, or at the heated forge,
Would find here such refreshing rest for
Hands and heart; could he with
Leisure pluck a bunch of these sweet
Daisies, growing in such abundance
By this pearly stream, and hear the
Wild bird speak his melodies in
This his most joyous habitation,
Methinks he would receive a blessing great.

Oh there is such a charm in nature,
I would, my great Creator and Maker
Of all this magnificence, that every
Creature made in Thy likeness could
Here enjoy these shades, and not one
Be deprived or kept bound down by
Selfish greed of others, from that
Which would bring him nearer to
Thee, to fill the soul with meditation
Great, and store the mind with lofty
Thoughts they otherwise would loose.

When comes the autumn all aflame,
Painting this deep green foliage in soft
Yellow tints of golden glory, and flings
All these huge branches out against
The sky, in art so delicate, be speaking
Of an end sublime, and with what
Homage bow they their grand old
Heads in silent willingness to
Their Maker's command.

And then at last, by a gentle yet
Loving decay, come the soft winds
From peaceful homes, and as a
Soothing nurse take those bright

Leaves from off the parent stem,
Bearing them softly to the good
Old earth that gave them nourishment,
Bidding them sleep upon its sacred bosom
Until the resurrection of another spring.

MORNING

Silently the hours move on, the stars still keep watch while every moment of time one by one of their bright lamps is extinguished, the mellow beauty of the full round moon is slowly giving way to some unseen power, the winds that have been sleeping in their caverns, first with slow and gentle tread, breathing afresh their invigorating breath on herb, tree, fruit and flower; playing with the glassy bosom of the lake and moving it to silvery ripples; then again dancing with babbling brooks hurrying to field and forest. The early darkness has vanished away and the day is born; the deep blue vault of heaven is spread over the world like liquid dew; the woods have thrown off their garments of slumber, until every tree is an orchestra of melody; the beautiful fields stretch away in pensive grandeur, while the meadow grasses glitter as a precious gem. The distant waterfall is chanting to its mountain solitude as the gray old peaks raise their aged brows to gaze in wonder at the great panorama; the glorious sun bursts forth from over yon eternal hills and begins its course to bless mankind.

WHEN THE MISTY HAZE

When the misty haze
Of summer's latest days
  Comes o'er us stealing;
In silent dreamy mood,
O'er those sweet days we brood—
  'Tis sad we're feeling.

O gentle summer hours,
Beneath your shady bowers
  We love to ponder;
On nature's welcome arm
There never was a charm
  That did seem fonder.

Where pearly brooks so sweet
Are babbling at our feet,
  And softly sighing;
From every willow brush
Where sings the jay and thrush
  And cat-bird crying.

In fields of rustling corn,
There first at early morn
  Sunbeams are peeping;
The blithe quail's piping call
Sounds an alarm to all—
  No more be sleeping.

Hark! from the murmuring falls,
That from the distance calls
  To seed men sowing;
The tinkling bells so clear,
On meadows brown and sear;
  Say, summer's going.

'Neath every orchard tree,
All day the busy bee,
  On drowsy wing;
From vine to flower fair,
He seeks with tender care
  His winter gleaning.

The birds, like summer showers,
Have flown from these bowers
  And left them dreary:
Green foliage too is gone;
From morn till night no song
  To make them cheery.

So say we all farewell,
For we can never tell
  The blessings brought us;
And may we each one see
How happy we may be
  From lessons taught us.

FALLING LEAVES

Falling, the leaves are falling,
    Falling from off the tree;
And some have turned to golden,
    From the green they used to be;
And still some hang to half-stripped boughs,
    In memory dear to me—
Falling, the leaves are falling,
    Falling from the trees.

Falling, yes, gently falling,
    And with them falls a tear,
For the weeping winds that sigh aloud,
    Fill the heart with fear;
They tell this beautiful summer
    Soon must but a memory be—
Falling, the leaves are falling,
    Falling from off the tree.

Falling, so softly falling
    Down to dear mother earth;
Bringing themselves as trophies

To the heart that gave them birth.
From home on the high up branches,
Where in life they loved to be—
Falling, the leaves are falling,
Falling from off the tree.

Falling, yes, lovingly falling—
They have done their duty well;
They shaded the pretty woodlands,
Made pleasant the sunny dell;
Gave beauty to that good summer
That brought such joy to thee—
Falling, the leaves are falling,
Falling from off the tree.

Just as the dew of evening,
Just as the leaves of the tree,
Just as the flowers fading,
Just as the autumn lee;
Passing from all life's duties—
From all these cares set free—
Falling, the leaves are falling;
So falleth you and me.

HOME TO-DAY

I wandered with slow and steady step
And stood on the brink of the hill;
I gazed on the scene in the vale below,
On the dear old time-worn mill.

O how like a flood did memory
Pour over my soul like a sea,
And my heart of hearts beat low and sad,
As it all came back to me.

I wept as a little child that day
Would weep in his trouble at play;
O'ercome by the scene I was bathed in tears,
And my lips had moved to pray.

O memory, what bringest thou to me
From the long, long years away,
That I've wandered far o'er the world's wide sea,
But I am home again to-day.

Home, home, to the scenes of my boyhood,
To my childish dreams of joy;
To my thoughtless innocent hours –
Can it be I was once a boy?

Was my life once all playful and careless,
And sorrow had nothing to bring?
I skipped o'er the meadow like sunbeams,
And danced by the pebbly stream.

No bird was so happy as I was:
No lambkin that cropped on the lea;
O time, you have stolen my treasures:
They will never come back to me.

Sorrow and joy intermingle as one,
As I gaze on the love scenes of yore;
O colud I but utter my musings within—
But words with thoughts never can soar.

I am here in my sorrow to think all alone,
For there is no one left but me,
Of all the dear household of hearts so true,
My bark drifts alone o'er life's sea.

They are sleeping, kind father and mother I
loved.
O'er the hill by the willow that's weeping;
They are gone as the water that passed by
the mill;
So time takes us all in his reaping.

I will plant this sweet flower all dewed with
my tears
As I go from the old home forever,
And when I have entered the harbor with
them,
Time will have no power to sever.

THE SEASONS

With what may we compare Spring? The very word is sweetness. How full of love everything seems to be—the true, pure heart love, that has no stain, no dishonor. First we note this kindness by some soft whispering breeze, creeping from its place of rest, over the hill, down in the valley, through the wood and orchard, pressing a kiss on our brow as it is passing. The sun, that has been so unfriendly for so long a time, keeps edging a little nearer and nearer each day, acting as a timid child wishing to become better acquainted again; the trees that held forth their bare arms all winter like ghosts, the little bushes and creeping vines, the tender plants that seemed to me as little children left orphaned and alone; all these have changed. Tiny buds appear, one by one, till soon their number is countless. The fields that have been bare and brown are putting on a new dress, from the million little earth cells is springing forth a tender infant blade of green that soon will spread its velvet mantle over all the land. Pearly drops of rain are falling from the clouds, pattering on roof and garden, bubbling in pools, then dancing away in tiny rills.

But hark! a bird: yes a robin—a pretty little red-breast—how nice it seems to hear him sing; he is cheering up this rain—brave little fellow—he must be singing to the buds before they are really growing. This early morn as the sun first smiled upon us we heard a bluebird, and there he is; such music in his note, and he just as blue as the skies.

While stealing through the fields my ear caught the sound of some babbling brook, and as I clambered over the hill a pretty lake smiled at me, and on the south side, where the sun had stood a few hours each day, a pure white flower had first opened its tender eyes to look heavenward, for these are the first dear hours of spring, the forerunner of beautiful summer. I would have the three seasons condensed into one sweet word, summer—the child is father to the man—old age is but a child again.

So Spring is Summer as a child; Summer the manhood and prime of life, and Autumn—why, Summer just falls into its aged arms and sinks to sleep.

The winds have whispered; the rains have come; the buds have grown to leaves; the flowers have bloomed; the brook has babbled through its meadow course; the lakes have smiled and danced with silvery feet on pebbly shores, while birds to all have sung their love songs, and ere we realize this, Spring has melted away into the beautiful glorious Summer--and so in all God's creation a perfect likeness of His own great heart of love.

WHERE SUMMER VIES

Where summer vies
And busy winds sing low from off the main,
Fresh winds so gaily dancing,
With hours as bright and glancing,
And harmony entrancing,
Where summer vies.

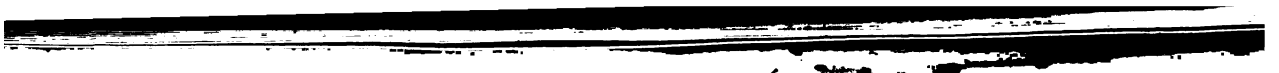
Where summer vies
And pretty songsters happy as spirits free,
All in full chorus singing—
The shady trees are ringing—
To every branch they're clinging,
Where summer vies.

Where summer vies,
There fields of fragrance fill the hours of June;
Among the flowers sweet
The bee with laden feet
Hums o'er his winter meat,
Where summer vies.

NO MORE

No more, no more the rustling corn we hear,
No more the song of birds the sweet long day;
No more the fields with golden grain appear;
No more the swallow skims the misty way:
No more, no more the whispering winds of morn;
No more the flowers drink the dews of night:
No more the beauties that in spring are born,
As loved ones gone and vanished from our sight.

No more the plowboy plods the dusty lane;
No more the shepherd lad drives home the flock;
No more the reapers sing their glad refrain;
No more the jay high on the maple rocks;
No more the herd comes meekly from the spring;
No more the children play upon the lawn;
No more the summer smiles across the plain—
So much of life—so many duties gone.



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